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No. 31.

## THE LAST GOOD-BYE.

BY SADIE BEATTY.

How dark the shadows grow, darling,  
All faintly comes my breath;  
Ah, me! I soon shall feel and know  
The mystery of death;  
In vain you strive to hold me here,  
To keep me ever near,  
The wings of Arael hover near,  
And we must say good-bye.

But this is not the first, darling,  
We've said good-bye before;  
And tears of sorrow seemed to burst  
Up from the full heart's core;  
Yet still we hoped to meet again,  
Renew each earthly tie,  
Dear love, it is not now as then,  
This is the last good-bye.

It is a sacred word, darling,  
All other words above,  
And from our lips it never was heard  
Save by the ones we love;  
Athen will serve this world of show,  
For soon their tears they dry,  
'Tis only when the dear ones go  
We care to say good-bye.

We're drifting far apart, darling,  
And when we meet again  
'Twill be to join with long and heart  
The angels' glad amen.  
The star of peace beams from the shore,  
When I am drawing nigh,  
Then, darling, kiss me just once more,  
And take the last good-bye!

## EAST LYNNE; OR, THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

### CHAPTER I. THE LADY ISABEL.

In an easy-chair of the spacious and handsome library at West Lynne, sat William Earl of Mount Severn. His hair was gray; the smoothness of his expansive brow was defaced by premature wrinkles, and his once attractive face bore the pale, unmistakable look of dissipation. One of his feet was cased in folds of linen, as it rested on a soft velvet ottoman, speaking of gout as plainly as any foot ever spoke yet. It would seem to look at the man as he sat there—that he had grown old before his time. And so he had. His years were barely nine-and-forty, yet, in all, save years, he was an aged man.

A noted character had been the Earl of Mount Severn. Not that he had been a renowned politician or a great general, or an eminent statesman, or even an active member in the "upper house"; not for any of these had the earl's name been in the mouths of men. But for the most reckless among the reckless, for the spendthrift among spendthrifts, for the gambler above all gamblers, and for a gay man outstripping the gay—by these characteristics did the world know Lord Mount Severn. It was said his faults were those of his head; that a better heart or more generous spirit never beat in human form; and there was much truth in this. It had been well for him had he lived and died plain William Vane. Up to his five-and-twentieth year, he had been industrious and steady, had kept his terms in the Temple, and studied late and early. The sober application of William Vane had been a by-word with the embryo barristers around; Judge Vane, they ironically called him; and they strove incessantly to allure him away to idleness and pleasure. But young Vane was ambitious, and he knew that on his own talents and exertions must depend his rising in the world. He was of excellent family, but poor, counting a relative in the old Earl of Mount Severn. The possibility of his succeeding to the earldom never occurred to him, for three healthy lives, two of them young, stood between him and the title. Yet those have died off; one of apoplexy, one of fever, in Africa, the third boating in Oxford; and the young Temple student, William Vane, suddenly found himself Earl of Mount Severn, and the lawful possessor of sixty thousand pounds a year.

His first idea was, that he should never be able to spend the money; that such a sum, year by year, could not be spent. It was a wonder his head was not turned by adulation at the onset, for he was courted, flattered, and caressed by all classes, from a royal duke downward. He became the most attractive man of his day, the lion in society; for, independent of his newly-acquired wealth and title, he was of distinguished appearance and fascinating manners. But, unfortunately, the prudence which had sustained William Vane, the poor law student, in his solitary Temple chambers, entirely forsook William Vane, the young Earl of Mount Severn, and he commenced his career on a scale of speed so great, that all staid people said he was going to ruin and the dance heading.

But a peer of the realm, and one whose rent-roll is sixty thousand pounds per annum, does not go to ruin in a day. There sat the earl, in his library now, in his nine-and-forty-year, and ruin had not come yet—that is, it had not overwhelmed him. But the embarrassments which had clung to him, and been the destruction of his tranquility, the basis of his existence, who shall describe them? The public knew them pretty well, his private friends better, his creditors best; but none, save himself knew, or could ever know, the worrying torment that was his portion, well-nigh driving him to distraction. Years ago, by dint of looking things steadily in the face, and by economizing, he might have re-



ANTHONY MAITZ THE INDIAN ANTONIO IN THE FOREST.

trived his position; but he had done what most people will do in such cases—put off the evil day, and gone on increasing his enormous list of debt. The hour of exposure and ruin was now advancing fast.

Perhaps the earl himself was thinking so, as he sat there before an enormous mass of papers which strewed the library table. His thoughts were back in the past. That was a foolish match of his, that Gretina Green match for love, foolish as far as prudence went; but the countess had been an affectionate wife to him, had borne with his follies and his neglect, had been an admirable mother to their only child. One child alone had been theirs, and in her thirteenth year the countess had died. If they had but been blessed with a son—the earl groaned over the long-continued disappointment still—he might then have seen a way out of his difficulties. The boy, as soon as he was of age, would have joined with him in cutting off the entail, and—

"My lord," said a servant, entering the room and interrupting the earl's castles in the air, "a gentleman is asking to see you."

"Who?" cried the earl, sharply, not perceiving the card the man was bringing. No unknown person, although wearing the externals of a foreign ambassador, was ever admitted unceremoniously to the presence of Lord Mount Severn. Years of duty had taught the servants caution.

"His card is here, my lord. It is Mr. Carlyle, of West Lynne."

"Mr. Carlyle, of West Lynne," groaned the earl, whose foot just then had an awful twinge, "what does he want? Show him up."

The servant did as he was bid, and introduced Mr. Carlyle. Look at the visitor now, reader, for he will play his part in this history. He was a very tall man, of seven-and-twenty, of remarkably noble presence. He was somewhat given to stooping his head when he spoke to any one shorter than himself; it was a peculiar habit, almost to be called a bowing habit, and his father had possessed it before him; when told of it, he would laugh, and say he was unconscious of doing it. His features were good, his complexion was pale and clear, his hair dark, and his full eyelids drooped over his deep gray eyes. Altogether, it was a countenance that both men and women liked to look upon—the index of an honorable, sincere nature—not that it would have been called a handsome face, so much as a pleasing and distinguished one. Though but the son of a country lawyer, and destined to be a lawyer himself, he had received the training of a gentleman, had been educated at Rugby, and taken his degree at Oxford. He advanced at once to the earl, in the straightforward way of a man of business—a man who has come on business.

"Mr. Carlyle," said the latter, holding out his hand—he was always deemed the most affable peer of the age—"I am happy to see you. You perceive I cannot rise; at least without great pain and inconvenience; my enemy, the gout, has possession of me again. Take a seat. Are you staying in town?"

"I have just arrived from West Lynne. The chief object of my journey was to see your lordship."

"What can I do for you?" asked the earl, uneasily; for a suspicion now crossed his mind that Mr. Carlyle might be acting for some one of his many troublesome creditors.

Mr. Carlyle drew his chair nearer to the earl, and spoke in a low tone—"A rumor came to my ears, my lord, that East Lynne was in the market."

"A moment, sir," exclaimed the earl,

with reserve, not to say hauteur in his tone, for his suspicions were gaining ground; "are we to converse confidentially together, as men of honor, or is there something concealed behind?"

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Carlyle.

"In a word—excuse my speaking plainly, but I must feel my ground—are you here on the part of some of my raceably creditors, to pump information out of me, that otherwise they would not get?"

"My lord!" uttered the visitor, "I should be incapable of so dishonorable an action. I know that a lawyer gets credit for possessing but lax notions on the score of honor, but you can scarcely suspect I should be guilty of underhand work to ward you. I never was guilty of a mean trick in my life, to my recollection, and I do not think I ever shall be."

"Pardon me, Mr. Carlyle. If you knew half the tricks and ruses played upon me, you would not wonder at my suspecting all the world. Proceed with your business."

"I heard that East Lynne was for private sale; your agent dropped half a word to me in confidence. If so, I should wish to be the purchaser."

"For whom?" inquired the earl.

"Myself."

"You!" laughed the earl. "Egad! law-yring can't be such bad work, Carlyle."

"Nor is it," rejoined Mr. Carlyle, "with an extensive first-class connection, such as ours. But you must remember that a good fortune was left me by my uncle, and a large one by my father."

"I know. The proceeds of law-yring also."

"Not altogether. My mother brought a fortune on her marriage, and it enabled my father to speculate successfully. I was looking out for an eligible property to invest my money upon, and East Lynne will suit me well, provided I can have the refusal of it, and we can agree about terms."

Lord Mount Severn mused for a few moments before he spoke. "Mr. Carlyle," he began, "my affairs are very bad, and ready money I must find somewhere. Now East Lynne is not entailed; neither is it mortgaged to anything like its value, though the latter fact, as you may imagine, is not patent to the world. When I bought it a bargain, eighteen years ago, you were the lawyer on the other side, I remember."

"My father," smiled Mr. Carlyle. "I was a child at the time."

"Of course, I ought to have said your father. By selling East Lynne, a few thousand pounds will come into my hands, after claims on it are settled; I have no other means of raising the wind, and that is why I have resolved to part with it. But now, understand, if it were known abroad that East Lynne is going from me, I should have a host's nest about my ears; so that it must be disposed of privately. Do you comprehend?"

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Carlyle. "I would as soon you bought it as any one else, if, as you say, we can agree about terms."

"What does your lordship expect for it—at a rough estimate?"

"For particulars I must refer you to my men of business, Warburton and Ware. Not less than seventy thousand pounds."

"Too much, my lord," cried Mr. Carlyle, decisively.

"And that's not its value," returned the earl.

"These forced sales never do fetch their value," answered the plain-speaking lawyer.

"Until this hint was given me by Beg-

gum, I had thought that East Lynne was settled upon your lordship's daughter."

"There's nothing settled on her," rejoined the earl, the contraction on his brow standing out more plainly. "That comes of your thoughtless runaway marriages. I fell in love with General Conway's daughter, and she ran away with me, like a fool; that is we were both fools together for our pains. The general objected to me; and said I must sow my wild oats before he would give me Mary; so I took her to Gretina Green, and she became Countess of Mount Severn, without a settlement. It was an unfortunate affair, taking one thing with another. When her elopement was made known to the general, it killed him."

"Killed him!" interrupted Mr. Carlyle.

"It did. He had disease of the heart, and the excitement brought on the crisis. My poor wife never was happy from that hour; she blamed herself for her father's death, and I believe it led to her own. She was ill for years; the doctors called it consumption; but it was more like a wasting sensibly away, and consumption never had been in her family. No luck ever attends runaway marriages. I have noticed it since, in many, many instances, something bad is sure to turn up from it."

"There might have been a settlement executed after the marriage," observed Mr. Carlyle, for the earl had stopped, and seemed lost in thought.

"I know there might; but there was not. My wife had possessed no fortune. I was already deep in my career of extravagance; and neither of us thought of making provision for our future children; or, if we thought of it, we did not do it. There is an old saying, Mr. Carlyle, that what may be done at any time, is never done."

Mr. Carlyle bowed.

"So my child is portionless," resumed the earl, with a suppressed sigh. "The thought that it may be an embarrassing thing for her, were I to die before she is settled in life, crosses my mind when I am in a serious mood. That she will marry well, there is little doubt, for she possesses beauty in a rare degree, and has been reared as an English girl should be, not to frivolity and foppery. She was trained by her mother, who, save for the mad act she was persuaded into by me, was all goodness and refinement; for the first twelve years of her life, and since then by an admirable governess. No fear that she will be decaying to Gretina Green."

"She was a very lovely child," observed the lawyer; "I remember that."

"Ay, you have seen her at East Lynne, in her mother's lifetime. But, to return to business, if you become the purchaser of the East Lynne estate, Mr. Carlyle, it must be under the rose. The money that it brings, after paying off the mortgage, I must have, as I tell you, for my private use; and you know I should not be able to touch a farthing of it, if the confounded public got an inkling of the transfer. In the eyes of the world, the proprietor of East Lynne must be Lord Mount Severn—at least, for some little time afterward. Perhaps you will not object to that."

Mr. Carlyle considered before replying; and then the conversation was resumed, when it was decided that he should see Warburton and Ware the first thing in the morning and confer with them. It was growing late when he rose to leave.

"Stay and dine with me," said the earl.

Mr. Carlyle hesitated, and looked down at his dress—plain, gentlemanly, morning attire, but certainly not dinner costume for a peer's table.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the earl; "we shall be quite alone, except my daughter, Mrs. Vane, of Castle Marling, is staying with us. She came up to present my child

at the last drawing-room, but I think I heard something about her dining out to-day. If not, we will have it by ourselves here. Oblige me by touching the bell, Mr. Carlyle, and set the trouble down to the score of my unfortunate foot."

"Inquire whether Mrs. Vane dines at home," said the earl.

"Mrs. Vane dines out, my lord," was the man's immediate reply. "The carriage is at the door now, waiting to take her."

"Very well. Mr. Carlyle remains."

At seven o'clock the dinner was announced, and the earl wheeled into the adjoining room. As he and Mr. Carlyle entered it by the opposite door. Who—what—was it? Mr. Carlyle looked, not quite sure whether it was a human being—he almost thought it more like an angel.

A light graceful, girlish form, a face of surpassing beauty, beauty that is rarely seen, save from the imagination of a painter, dark shining curls falling on her neck and shoulders, smooth as a child's, fair delicate arms decorated with pearls, and a flowing dress of costly white lace. Altogether the vision did indeed look to the lawyer as one from a fairer world than this.

"My daughter, Mr. Carlyle, the Lady Isabel."

They took their seats at the table. Lord Mount Severn, at its head, in spite of his gout and his foot-ache. And the young lady and Mr. Carlyle opposite each other. Mr. Carlyle had not deemed himself a particular admirer of woman's beauty, but the extraordinary loveliness of the young girl before him nearly took away his senses and his self-possession. Yet it was not so much the perfect contour of the exquisite features that struck him, or the rich darkness of the delicate cheek, or the luxuriant falling hair; no, it was the sweet expression of the soft dark eyes. Never in his life had he seen eyes so pleasing. He could not keep his gaze from her, and he became conscious, as he grew more familiar with her face, that there was in its character a sad, sorrowful look; only at times was it to be noticed when the features were in repose, and it lay chiefly in the very eyes he was admiring. Never does this unconscious only mournful expression exist, but it is a sure index of sorrow and suffering; but Mr. Carlyle understood it not. And who could connect sorrow with the anticipated brilliant future of Isabel Vane?

"Isabel," observed the earl, "you are dressed."

"Yes, papa. Not to keep old Mrs. Levi-

son waiting tea. She likes to take it early, and I know Mrs. Vane must have kept her waiting dinner. It was past six when she drove from here."

"I hope you will not be late to night, Isabel."

"It depends upon Mrs. Vane."

"Then I am sure you will be. When the young ladies, in this fashionable world of ours, turn night into day, it is a bad thing for their noses. What say you, Mr. Carlyle?"

Mr. Carlyle glanced at the roses on the cheeks opposite to him; they looked too fresh and bright to fade lightly.

At the conclusion of dinner a maid entered the room with a white cashmere mantle, placing it over the shoulders of her young lady, as she saw the carriage was waiting.

Lady Isabel advanced to the earl.

"Good-night, papa."

"Good-night, my love," he answered, drawing her toward him, and kissing her sweet face. "Tell Mrs. Vane I will not

have you kept out till morning hours. You are but a child yet. Mr. Carlyle, will you ring? I am debarred from seeing my daughter to the carriage."

"If your lordship will allow me—if Lady Isabel will pardon the attendance of one little used to wait upon young ladies, I shall be proud to see her to her carriage," was the somewhat confused answer of Mr. Carlyle, as he touched the bell.

The earl thanked him, and the young lady smiled, and Mr. Carlyle conducted her down the broad lighted staircase, and stood bareheaded by the door of the luxurious chariot, and handed her in. She put out her hand in her frank, pleasant manner, as she wished him good-night. The carriage rolled on its way, and Mr. Carlyle returned to the earl.

"Well, is she not a handsome girl?" he demanded.

"Handsome is not the word for beauty such as hers," was Mr. Carlyle's reply, in a low, warm tone. "I never saw a face half so beautiful."

"She caused quite a sensation at the drawing room last week—as I hear. This evening gown kept me in-doors all day. And she is as good as she is beautiful."

The earl was not partial. Lady Isabel was wondrously gifted by nature, not only in mind and person, but in heart. She was as little like a fashionable young lady as it was well possible to be, partly because she had hitherto been secluded from the great world, partly from the care bestowed upon her training. During the lifetime of her mother, she had lived occasionally at East Lynne, but mostly at a larger seat of the earl's in Wales, Mount Severn; since her mother's death, she had remained entirely at Mount Severn, under the charge of a judicious governess, a very small establishment being kept up for them, and the earl paying them imprudently and flying visits. Generous and benevolent she was, timid and sensitive to a degree, gentle, and considerate to all. Do not cavil at her being thus praised—admire and love her whilst you may, she is worthy of it now, in her innocent girlhood; the time will come when such praise would be misplaced. Could the fate that was to overtake his child have been foreseen by the earl, he would have struck her down to death, in his love, as she stood before him, rather than suffer her to enter upon it.

CHAPTER II.  
THE BROKEN CROSS.

Lady Isabel's carriage continued its way, and deposited her at the residence of Mrs. Levison. Mrs. Levison was nearly eighty years of age, and very severe in speech and manner; or, as Mrs. Vane expressed it, "crabbed." She looked the image of impatience when Isabel entered, with her cap pushed all awry, and pulling at her black satin gown, for Mrs. Vane had kept her waiting dinner, and Isabel was keeping her from her tea; and that does not agree with the aged, with their health or their temper.

"I fear I am late," exclaimed Lady Isabel, as she advanced to Mrs. Levison, "but a gentleman dined with papa to-day, and it made us rather longer at table."

"You are twenty-five minutes behind your time," cried the old lady, sharply, "and I want my tea. Emma, order it in."

Mrs. Vane rang the bell, and did as she was bid. She was a little woman of six-and-twenty, very plain in face, but elegant in figure, very accomplished, and vain to her fingers' ends. Her mother, who was dead, had been Mrs. Levison's daughter, and her husband, Raymond Vane, was presumptive heir to the earldom of Mount Severn.

"Won't you take that tippet off, child?" asked Mrs. Levison, who knew nothing of the new-fashioned names for such articles, mantles, hennons, and all the string of them; and Isabel threw it off and sat down by her.

"The tea is not made, grandmother," exclaimed Mrs. Vane, in an accent of astonishment, as the servants appeared with the tray and the silver urn. "You surely do not have it made in the room?"

"Where should I have it made?" inquired Mrs. Levison.

"It is much more convenient to have it brought in, ready made," said Mrs. Vane. "I dislike the embarrassment of making it."

"Indeed!" was the reply of the old lady; "and get it stopped over in the saucers, and as cold as milk! You always were lazy, Emma, and given to use those French words. I'd rather stick a pointed label on my forehead for my part, 'I speak French,' and let the world know it in that way."

"Who makes tea for you in general?" asked Mrs. Vane, telegraphing a contemptuous glance to Isabel behind her grandmother.

But the eyes of Lady Isabel fell timidly, and a blush rose to her cheeks. She did not like to appear to differ from Mrs. Vane, her senior, and her father's guest; but her mind revolted at the bare idea of ingratitude or ridicule cast on an aged parent.

"Harriet comes in and makes it for me," replied Mrs. Levison; "aye and sits down and takes it with me when I am alone, which is pretty often. What do you say to that, Madame Emma; you with your fine notions?"

"Just as you please, of course, grandmother."

"And there's the tea-caddy at your elbow, and the urn's flaring away, and if we are to have any tea to-night, it had better be made."

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"I don't know how much to put in," grumbled Mrs. Vane, who had the greatest horror of seeing her hands or her person, who, in short, had a particular antipathy to doing anything useful.

"Shall I make it, dear Mrs. Vane?" said Isabel, rising with alacrity. "I used to make it quite as often as my governor at Mount Severn, and I make it for papa."

"Do, child," replied the old lady. "You are worth ten of her."

Isabel laughed merrily, drew off her gloves, and sat down to the table, and at that moment a young and elegant man lounged into the room. He was dressed handsomely, with his hair cut in the latest style, his eyes, his raven hair, and his white teeth, but to a keen observer those features had not an attractive expression, and the dark eyes had a great knack of looking away while he spoke to you. It was Francis, Captain Levison.

He was grandson to the old lady, and first cousin to Mrs. Vane. Few men were so fascinating in manner (at times and manner), in face and in form, few men were so completely upon their hearers' ears, and few were so heartless in their heart of hearts. The world courted him, and society honored him; for though he was a graceless spendthrift, and it was known that he was, he was the presumptive heir to the old and rich Mr. Levison.

The ancient lady spoke up—"Captain Levison, Lady Isabel Vane. They both acknowledged the introduction; and Isabel, a child yet in the ways of the world, blushed crimson at the admiring looks cast upon her by the young gentleman. Strange—strange that she should make the acquaintance of those two men in the same day, almost in the same hour, the two, of all the human race, who were to exercise so powerful an influence over her future life."

"That's a pretty cross, child," cried Mrs. Levison, as Isabel stood by her when tea was over, and she and Mrs. Vane were about to depart on their evening visit.

She alluded to a golden cross, set with seven emeralds, which Isabel wore on her neck. It was of light, delicate texture, and was suspended from a thin, short gold chain.

"Is it not pretty?" answered Isabel. "It was given me by my dear mamma just before she died. Stay, I will take it off for you. I only wear it upon great occasions."

This, her first grand party at a grand duke's, seemed a very great occasion to the simply reared and inexperienced girl. She undressed the chain, and placed it with the cross in the hands of Mrs. Levison.

"Why, I declare you have nothing on but that cross and some rubricating pearl bracelets!" uttered Mrs. Vane to Isabel. "I did not look at you before."

Mamma gave me both. The bracelets are those she used frequently to wear. You old-fashioned child! Because your mamma wore those bracelets, years ago, is that a reason for your doing so? retorted Mrs. Vane. "Why did you not put on your diamonds?"

"I did—put on my diamonds; but I took them off again," stammered Isabel. "What on earth for?"

"I did not like to look too fine," answered Isabel, with a laugh and a blush. "They glittered so! I feared it might be thought I had put them on to look fine."

"Ah! I see you mean to set up in that class of people who pretend to despise ornaments," scornfully remarked Mrs. Vane. "It is the refinement of affectation, Lady Isabel."

The sneer fell harmlessly on Isabel's ear. She only believed something had not been said to her. It certainly had, and that something, thought Isabel little suspected it, was the evident admiration Captain Levison evinced for her fresh, young beauty; it quite absorbed him, and rendered him forgetful even of Mrs. Vane.

"Here child, take your cross," said the old lady. "It is very pretty, prettier on your neck than diamonds would be. You don't want embellishing; never mind what Emma says."

Francis Levison took the cross and the chain from her hand to pass them to Lady Isabel. Whether he was awkward, or whether her hands were full, for she held her gloves, her handkerchief, and had just taken up her mantle, certain it is, that he fell, and the gentleman, in his too quick effort to regain it, managed to set his foot upon it, and the cross was broken in two.

"There! Now whose fault was that?" cried Mrs. Levison.

"Oh, Mrs. Vane, what does it signify? I can only think of my broken cross. I am sure it must be an evil omen."

"An evil omen," said Mrs. Vane, who had a great horror of seeing her hands or her person, who, in short, had a particular antipathy to doing anything useful.

"Shall I make it, dear Mrs. Vane?" said Isabel, rising with alacrity. "I used to make it quite as often as my governor at Mount Severn, and I make it for papa."

"Do, child," replied the old lady. "You are worth ten of her."

Isabel laughed merrily, drew off her gloves, and sat down to the table, and at that moment a young and elegant man lounged into the room. He was dressed handsomely, with his hair cut in the latest style, his eyes, his raven hair, and his white teeth, but to a keen observer those features had not an attractive expression, and the dark eyes had a great knack of looking away while he spoke to you. It was Francis, Captain Levison.

He was grandson to the old lady, and first cousin to Mrs. Vane. Few men were so fascinating in manner (at times and manner), in face and in form, few men were so completely upon their hearers' ears, and few were so heartless in their heart of hearts. The world courted him, and society honored him; for though he was a graceless spendthrift, and it was known that he was, he was the presumptive heir to the old and rich Mr. Levison.

The ancient lady spoke up—"Captain Levison, Lady Isabel Vane. They both acknowledged the introduction; and Isabel, a child yet in the ways of the world, blushed crimson at the admiring looks cast upon her by the young gentleman. Strange—strange that she should make the acquaintance of those two men in the same day, almost in the same hour, the two, of all the human race, who were to exercise so powerful an influence over her future life."

"That's a pretty cross, child," cried Mrs. Levison, as Isabel stood by her when tea was over, and she and Mrs. Vane were about to depart on their evening visit.

She alluded to a golden cross, set with seven emeralds, which Isabel wore on her neck. It was of light, delicate texture, and was suspended from a thin, short gold chain.

"Is it not pretty?" answered Isabel. "It was given me by my dear mamma just before she died. Stay, I will take it off for you. I only wear it upon great occasions."

This, her first grand party at a grand duke's, seemed a very great occasion to the simply reared and inexperienced girl. She undressed the chain, and placed it with the cross in the hands of Mrs. Levison.

"Why, I declare you have nothing on but that cross and some rubricating pearl bracelets!" uttered Mrs. Vane to Isabel. "I did not look at you before."

Mamma gave me both. The bracelets are those she used frequently to wear. You old-fashioned child! Because your mamma wore those bracelets, years ago, is that a reason for your doing so? retorted Mrs. Vane. "Why did you not put on your diamonds?"

"I did—put on my diamonds; but I took them off again," stammered Isabel. "What on earth for?"

"I did not like to look too fine," answered Isabel, with a laugh and a blush. "They glittered so! I feared it might be thought I had put them on to look fine."

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"Here child, take your cross," said the old lady. "It is very pretty, prettier on your neck than diamonds would be. You don't want embellishing; never mind what Emma says."

The room to the left hand, as you went in, was the general sitting room; the other was very much kept up in lavender and brown holland, to be opened on state occasions. Justice and Mrs. Hare had three children, a son and two daughters. Anne was the elder of the girls, and had married young; Barbara, the younger, was now nineteen, and Richard, the eldest, but we shall come to him hereafter.

In this sitting room, on a chilly evening early in May, a few days subsequent to that which had witnessed the visit of Mr. Carlyle to the Earl of Mount Severn, sat Mrs. Hare, a pale, delicate woman, buried in shawl and cushions; but the day had been warm. At the window sat a pretty girl, very fair, with blue eyes, light hair, a bright complexion, and small aquiline features. She was busily turning over the leaves of a book.

"Barbara, I am sure it must be tea-time now."

"The time seems to move slowly with you, mamma. It is scarcely a quarter of an hour since I told you it was but ten minutes past six."

"I am so thirsty!" murmured the poor invalid. "Do go and look at the clock again, Barbara."

Barbara rose with a gesture of impatience, not suppressed, opened the door, and glanced at the large clock in the hall. "It wants nine-and-twenty minutes to seven, mamma. I wish you would put your watch on, of a day; four times you have sent me to look at that clock since dinner."

"I am so thirsty!" repeated Mrs. Hare, with a sort of sob. "If seven o'clock would but strike! I am dying for my tea."

It may occur to the reader that a lady in her own house, "dying for her tea," might surely order it brought in, although the customary hour had not struck. Not so Mrs. Hare. Since her husband had first brought her home to that house, four-and-twenty years ago, she had never dared to express a wish in it, scarcely on her own responsibility, to give an order. Justice Hare was stern, imperative, obstinate, and self-conceited; she, timid, gentle and submissive. She had loved him with all her heart, and her life had been one long yielding of her will to his; in fact, she had no will; his was all in all. Far was she from feeling the servitude a yoke; some natures do not; and, to do Mr. Hare justice, his powerful will, that must have done all before it, was not his kindness; he never meant to be unkind to his wife. Of his three children, Barbara alone had inherited this will.

"Barbara," began Mrs. Hare again, when she thought another quarter of an hour at least must have elapsed.

"Well, mamma?"

"Ring, and tell them to be getting it in readiness, so that when seven strikes there may be no delay."

"Goodness, mamma! you know they do always have it ready. And there's no such hurry, for papa may not be home."

But she rose, and rang the bell with a petulant motion, and when the man answered it, told him to have tea in to his wife.

"If you know, dear, how dry my throat is, how parched my mouth, you would have more patience with me."

Barbara closed her book with a listless air, and turned listlessly to the window. She seemed tired, not with fatigue, but with what the French express by the word ennui. "Here comes papa," she presently said.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried poor Mrs. Hare. "Perhaps he will not mind having the tea in at once, if I tell him how thirsty I am."

The justice came in. A middle-aged man, with pompadour features, a pompadour walk, and a flaxen wig. In his aquiline nose, compressed lips, and pointed chin, might be traced a resemblance to his daughter; though he never could have been half so good looking as was pretty Barbara.

"Richard," spoke up Mrs. Hare, from between her shawl, the instant he opened the door.

The direction of West Lynne. Again she shrank away (true love is ever timid; and whatever may have been Barbara Hare's other qualities, her love at least was true and deep. But, instead of the gate opening, with the firm, quick motion peculiar to the hand which guided it, the footstep seemed to pass, and not to have turned at all toward it. Barbara's heart sank, and she stole to the gate again, and looked out with a yearning look.

Yes, sure enough, he was striding on, not thinking of her, not coming to her; and she, in the disappointment and impulse of the moment, called to him.

"Archibald!"

Mr. Carlyle—it was no other—turned on his heel and approached the gate.

"Is it you, Barbara? Waiting for tea and poachers? How are you?"

"How are you?" she returned, holding the gate open for him to enter, as he shook hands, and striving to calm down her agitation. "When did you return?"

"Only now, by the eight o'clock train, which got in beyond its time, having delayed unaccountably at the stations. They little thought they had me in it, as their looks betrayed when I got out. I have not been home yet."

"No! What will Cornelia say?"

"I went into the office for five minutes. But I have a few words to say to Beauchamp, and am going up at once. Thank you, I cannot come in now; I intend to do so on my return."

"Papa has gone up to Mr. Beauchamp's?"

"He and Mr. Pinner," continued Barbara. "They are gone to have a smoking bout. And if you wait there with papa, it will be too late to come in, for he is sure not to be home before eleven or twelve."

Mr. Carlyle bent his head in deliberation. "Then I think it is but little use of my going on," said he, for my business with Beauchamp is private. I must defer it until to-morrow."

He took the gate out of her hand, closed it, and placed the hand within his own arm, to walk with her to the house. It was done in a matter-of-fact, real sort of way; nothing of romance or sentimentality, but Barbara Hare felt that she was in Eden.

"And how have you all been, Barbara, these few days?"

"Oh, very well. What made you start off so suddenly? You never said you were going, or came to wish us good bye."

"You have just expressed it, Barbara—suddenly. A matter of business suddenly arose, and I suddenly went upon it."

"Cornelia said you were only gone for a day."

"Did she? When in London I find so many things to do. Is Mrs. Hare better?"

"Just the same. I think mamma's ailments are fancies, half of them; if she would but rouse herself, she would be better. What is it at this parcel?"

"You are not to inquire, Miss Barbara. It does not concern you. It only concerns Mrs. Hare."

"It is something you have brought for mamma, Archibald?"

"Of course. A countryman's visit to London entails buying presents for his friends; at least, it used to be so, in the old-fashioned days."

"When people made their wills before starting, and were a fortnight doing the journey in a wagon, laughed Barbara. "Grandpapa used to tell us tales of that, when we were children. But is it really something for mamma?"

"I tell you so? I have brought something for you?"

"Oh! what is it?" she uttered, her color rising, and wondering whether he was in jest or earnest.

"There's an impatient girl! What is it? Wait a moment, and you shall see what it is."

He put the parcel or roll, he was carrying, upon a garden-chair, and proceeded to search his pockets. Every pocket was visited, apparently in vain.

"Barbara, I think it is gone. I must have lost it somehow."

Her heart beat as she stood there silently, looking up at him in the moonlight. Was it lost? What had it been?

But upon a second search, he came upon something in the pocket of his coat tail. Here it is, I believe; what brought it here? He opened a small box, and taking out a long gold chain, threw it around her neck. A locket was attached to it.

Her cheeks crimson went and came, her heart beat more rapidly. She could not speak a word of thanks; and Mr. Carlyle took up the roll, and walked on into the presence of Mrs. Hare.

Barbara followed in a few minutes. Her heart beat as she stood there silently, looking up at him in the moonlight. Was it lost? What had it been?

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hair you prize, Barbara," he concluded, dropping his voice.

"What piece?" asked Mrs. Hare.

Mr. Carlyle glanced round the room, as if fearful the very walls might hear his whisper. "Richard's. Barbara showed it me one day when she was turning out her desk, and said it was a cast taken off in that illness."

Mrs. Hare sank back in her chair, and hid her face in her hands, shivering visibly. The words evidently awoke some poignant source of deep sorrow. "Oh, my boy! my boy!" she wailed—"my boy! my unhappy boy! Mr. Hare wonders at my ill health, Archibald; Barbara ridicules it; but there lies the source of all my misery, mentally and bodily. Oh, Richard! Richard!"

There was a distressing pause, for the topic admitted of neither hope nor consolation. "Put your chain on again, Barbara," Mr. Carlyle said, after a while, "and I wish you health to wear it out. Health and reformation, young lady!"

Barbara smiled, and glanced at him with her pretty blue eyes, so full of love. "What have you brought for Cornelia?" she resumed.

"Something splendid," he answered, with a mock serious face; "I only hope I have not been taken in. I bought her a shawl. The vendors vowed it was true Parisian cashmere. I gave eighteen guineas for it."

"That is a great deal," observed Mrs. Hare. "It ought to be a very good one. I never gave more than six guineas for a shawl in all my life."

"And Cornelia, I dare say, never more than half six," laughed Mr. Carlyle. "Well, I shall wish you good evening, and go to her; for she knows I am back all this while, I shall be lectured."

He shook hands with them both. Barbara, however, accompanied him to the front door, and stepped outside with him. "You will catch cold, Barbara. You have left your shawl in-doors."

"Oh, no, I shall not. How very soon you are leaving; you have scarcely stayed ten minutes."

"But you forget I have not been home."

"You were on your road to Beauchamp's, and would not have been home for an hour or two in that case," spoke Barbara, in a tone that awoke no resentment.

"That was different; that was upon business. But, Barbara, I think your mother looks unusually ill."

"You know how she suffers a little thing to upset her; and last night she had what she calls one of her dreams," answered Barbara. "She says it is a warning that something bad is going to happen, and she has been the most unhappy, feverish state possible all day. Papa has been quite angry over her being so weak and nervous, declaring that she ought to rouse herself out of her 'nerves.' Of course we dare not tell him about the dream."

"It related to—the—"

Mr. Carlyle stopped, and Barbara glanced round with a shudder, and drew closer to him as he whispered. He had not given her his arm this time.

"Yes, to the murder. You know mamma has always declared that Bethel had something to do with it; she says her dreams would have convinced her of it, if nothing else did; and she dreamt she saw him with—"

"—with—"

Barbara Hare stopped. What was that, at the far end of the lawn, just in advance of the shade of the thick trees? Their leaves were not causing the movement, for it was a still night. It had been there some minutes; it was evidently a human form. What was it? Surely it was making signs to her?

Or else it looked as though it was. That was certainly its arm moving, and now it advanced a pace nearer, and raised something which it wore on its head—a battered hat with a broad brim, a "wide-awake," encircled with a wisp of straw.

Barbara Hare's heart leaped, as the saying runs, into her mouth, and her face became deadly white as the moonlight. Her first thought was, to alarm the servants; her second, to be still; for she remembered the fear and mystery that attached to the house. She went into the hall, shutting her mamma in the parlor, and stood in the shade of the portico, gazing still. But the figure evidently followed her movements with its sight, and the hat was again taken off, and waved violently.

Barbara Hare started sick with terror. She must fathom it; she must see who, and what it was; for the servants she dared not call, and those movements were imperative, and might not be disregarded. But she possessed more innate courage than falls to the lot of some young ladies.

Mamma, she said, returning to the parlor and catching up her shawl, while striving to speak without emotion, "shall just walk down the path, and see if papa is coming."

Mrs. Hare did not reply. She was musing upon other things, in that quiet, happy mood which a small portion of spirits will sometimes impart to one weak in body; and Barbara softly closed the door, and stole out again to the portico. She stood a moment to rally her courage, and again the hat was waved impatiently.

Barbara Hare commenced her walk toward it in dread unutterable, an undefined sense of evil filling her sinking heart; mingling with which came, with a rush of terror, a fear of that other undefinable evil—the evil Mrs. Hare had declared was foreboded by her dream.

(To be continued in our next.)

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF EDWIN FORREST. With Reminiscences and Personal Recollections. By JAMES REES, (Gulley Gibber.) With Portrait and Autograph. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Perhaps no man in the country was as well fitted for this task as Mr. Rees. His acquaintance with Mr. Forrest dated from boyhood, and Mr. Rees had enjoyed for a period of nearly fifty years the closest intimacy and friendship with the great tragedian, which gave him advantages, not possessed by any other, to write a correct and truthful history of Mr. Forrest, from the time of his birth until his death.

THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY. By BALFOUR STEWART, LL.D., F.R.S. With an Appendix, Treating of the Vital and Mental Applications of the Doctrine. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE NEW CHEMISTRY. By J. OSMAN P. COOKE, JR., Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard University. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE WETTERLY AFFAIR. A NOVEL. By J. W. DE FOREST, Author of "Kate Beaumont," "Overland," etc. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by ISAAC HARTY, M.D. January 1874. Published quarterly. Henry C. Lea, Philadelphia.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW. January. American edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL RECORD FOR JANUARY. Edited by BENJAMIN J. LOSSING, LL.D. Published by John E. Potter & Co., 617 Sanson street, Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW FOR FEBRUARY. Published by the Review Publishing Co., corner Walnut and Fourth streets, Philadelphia.

THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY FOR FEBRUARY. Edited by THOMAS MEEHAN. Published by Charles H. Marot, 214 Chestnut St. Phila.

BRIGGS & BROS.'S ILLUSTRATED FLORAL WORKS AND CATALOGUE FOR 1874. A beautifully illustrated publication. Briggs & Brothers, Seedsmen and Florists, Rochester, New York.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STREAM NAVIGATION GUIDE FOR FEBRUARY. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.



## THE DOOMED SHIP.

"Seen a deal of rough weather in my time, sir? Yes, that I have; what with being cast away twice, and burnt out of the Cape, I've had my share of it, sir. But there's worse than either storm or fire, ay, a deal worse."

"What's that?" I asked of my bronzed, weather-beaten friend, a boatman at a favorite bathing-place.

"Being specciated on, sir! That's the worst for it. It's a long one; but it's the right word for all that; sold for money, as we were sheep or oxen. I was sold to the old man deeply as he uttered the last few words; his bony cast came down on the thwart of the boat as if it would smash the frail timber."

"You may well look surprised, sir," added he, recovering his usual placid look; "I ain't myself when I talk of it. I feel a kind of murderous hatred of the villain when it all comes before my mind. Maybe you'd like to hear the yarn, sir?"

"Very much indeed," I replied, my curiosity excited by the vehemence of the old tar.

Having turned his quid of tobacco over in his capacious mouth, he began as follows:—

"It's some years ago now since I was looking out for a ship up in the north; freight was very low, and shipping business dull, so that there was a number of hands about the port, and do what I might, I could not get a berth. My money was pretty nigh all gone, for I'd been ashore a month, and Jack and his money soon part, what with land-sharks of one sort and another, male and female—I don't know which is the worse of the two—anyhow, I must go to sea again, or sell my kit, and tramp off to London. Well, I was down upon my luck in the way, when one morning, as I was sauntering down to the docks, to have a look round the shipping, a man, who had been walking behind me for some little time, edged up alongside."

"Looking out for a ship, my lad?" says he, in a bluff, hearty kind of way.

"Yes, sir," says I.

"I thought you might be," says he, casting a side-glance at me with his small grey eyes.

"Yes, I am," says I.

"Well, I can put you in the way of a nice snug berth, my lad. I suppose you wouldn't object to a trip to South America?"

"It didn't much matter to me where I was bound, but somehow the fellow's figure didn't please me, so I answered rather short. 'If you mean the James Wilson, she's filled up.'"

"You're wrong, my lad; the vessel I am speaking of is at Cardiff; and if you'd like a berth in her, perhaps I could manage it. However, there's no harm done; you don't seem to care about it, so there's an end of it." So saying, he wished me good-morning, and dropped astern.

Well, thinks I to myself, if this chap meant mischief, he would not be so ready to cheer off; one place is as good as another to me, and maybe I'm losing a chance that won't come again in a hurry. So I turned round as he was crossing the road, and calls out to him, "Hallo there, mister!"

"The man took no notice; so I ran after him till I came alongside."

"Well, my lad," says he sharply, "what's the wind?"

"I was thinking about what you said just now; and if so be all's square—"

"All square? What do you mean? Confound it, man, do you take me for a crimp?" says he.

"No, sir," says I, taken quite aback.

"Well, then, what do you mean by all square? Come, out with it! I've no time to waste with you. There's plenty of hands up yonder that will jump at such an offer."

"Well, sir," says I, recovering myself a bit. "What's the name of the craft?"

"The Maid of Orleans. But what does it matter to you? It ain't all square, you know!"

"So saying, he made as if he'd sheer off, and I was left to my own thoughts, vexed with myself for having doubted the man; my money would not last much longer; I was tired of a shore-life, and what a fool I must be, I thought, to throw away such a berth as he had offered."

"Come, sir," says I, following him up, "you needn't take offence at what I said. If you want a man, I'm willing."

"He did not seem best pleased, though, for he stood hesitating a minute before he answered. However, at length he says: 'You have got to go down to to-night's train. Perhaps you kit isn't ready?'"

"Never fear, sir; it doesn't matter to me whether I start to-night or wait a week."

"Well and good. Then you'd better be off, and get your kit in order, and I'll meet you at the station at six o'clock. Mind you're there sharp."

"Never fear, sir," says I; and so we parted."

"Well, sir, somehow or other, though the fellow was civil enough, I didn't feel altogether easy in my mind; but there was nothing left for it now but to go through with it; so I packed up my kit, bought a few odds and ends, and toward dusk, made my way down to the station. There was an hour to spare before the train started; so I crossed the road to a public house, to have a glass of grog, and sat myself down in a snug corner, whilst I sipped my rum and water. The room was partitioned off with bulkheads, and there was not a soul there when I entered. By and by two men came in, and sat themselves down in the next partition to mine, and I heard them talking together for some time without taking any particular notice. Presently, I thought I heard the name of the craft I'd shipped in, Maid of Orleans, and I picked up my ears, you may be sure. I kept so quiet, that the fellows, I suppose, fancied they had the room to themselves."

"Bless your soul, man," says one of them, "it's a safe venture; never fear. Eight thousand pounds; that's the amount!"

"You're a smart fellow, and no mistake. Poor beggars!"

"Hold your tongue! I hate such cant. Who goes halves, eh? Tell me that?"

"Well, don't fire up so, man; surely there's no harm in pitying them, if we are obliged to give them a dose of salt water. Ha, ha!"

"That's talking like a man of sense. Eight thousand pounds clear profit! I tell you, Harry, it's as safe as the Bank of England. She'll never do it!"

"Light airs and calms, you know, Johnny, eh? How about our venture, then?"

"Confound it, man, you're a regular kill-joy. A capful of wind is more than enough. She's like a sieve; once out to sea, she'll sop up water like a sponge."

"Suppose they take to the boats; what then?"

"Well, what if they do? They weren't built yesterday. The old Heindeer's children are as old as herself, ay, and as rotten!"

"He laughed a low mocking laugh, as he spoke, that sent a chill through my very marrow. I had heard of ships being sent to sea to be lost; but hitherto it had been my good luck to sail in first-class craft, and I used to put down such tales as forecastle yarns, invented by Jack out of spite to his owners. I was off the coast, however, and must have been mistaken in my fancy that I had heard them mention the Maid of Orleans, though I had some dim notion that I ought to collar the two ruffians and call the police; but then, perhaps, I had not understood the nature of the business, though it seemed plain enough to me; and whilst I was debating in my mind how to act, the fellows got up, and walked out of the place. I started up, so as to get a look at them; but it was too dark to make them out; so I went back to finish my grog, and to turn over in my mind what I'd heard. One thing was clear enough, and that was, that the doomed ship was the Heindeer; and a thought struck me that I might get something about her out of the Shipping Gazette. There she was, sure enough; a large clipper ship, advertised to sail in a week's time, under the name of the Maid of Orleans, owned by Lloyd's, owners, Messrs. Hayley & Company. I'm rather out of my reckoning here, says I to myself. That's a firm that never sent an unworthy ship to sea, and never will. Maybe, after all, those fellows were making game of me, saw poor Jack sitting there, and took a rise out of him. The clock struck the quarter, so I paid my score, and made all sail for the station. The man was there, looking so cheery and jolly that I scarcely knew him again."

"I was afraid you were going to give me the ship, my hearty," says he, laughing. "Here's your ticket. I'm sorry I can't go with you; but I've telegraphed for some one to meet you at the station, so you'll be well looked after!"

"I liked his jokes less than his sneers, so I didn't say anything, but bumbled into the train."

"Good-bye, my hearty," says he, shaking me by the hand. "A pleasant voyage, and a quick return!"

"If ever I took a dislike against anyone, I did then. The man's face haunted me long after the train had left the station; but being given to brooding, and having no cause to doubt his good faith, I got rid of his evil eyes, and lay back dreamily of a certain brown-eyed Polly who had promised to wait for poor Jack Robins till something turned up."

"Arrived at Cardiff, I found the mate on the lookout for me; and after signing articles, we went aboard the Maid of Orleans. The vessel was lying in the harbor with the blue Peter flying, and everything ready for sea. She was a long, low craft, deep in the water—rather too deep, to please my fancy—fresh painted, and looking fine enough; masts and spars a trifle heavy; but, on the whole, I could find nothing particular to find fault with about her. As we pulled alongside, I noticed a woman on the poop. Hearing the sound of oars, she looked over the side, and I thought I'd never seen a sweeter face in my life."

"Old man got his wife aboard?" says I to the mate.

"Yes, and she's a regular good one," says he. "You'll find yourself as comfortable aboard as if you was passenger in a liner."

"The skipper was coming up from the cuddy as we got on deck—a fine sailor-like young fellow, about thirty years of age, with an affable, pleasant way with him, that was my fancy—fresh painted, and looking fine enough; masts and spars a trifle heavy; but, on the whole, I could find nothing particular to find fault with about her. As we pulled alongside, I noticed a woman on the poop. Hearing the sound of oars, she looked over the side, and I thought I'd never seen a sweeter face in my life."

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## THE MARIAC.

BY ELIA WHEELER.

I saw them sitting in the shade:  
The long green vines hung over,  
But could not hide the gold-haired maid  
And Earl—my baby's eyes were  
His arm was clasped so close, so close,  
His eyes were softly lifted,  
While his eyes drank the blue of rose,  
And sweet like snow-flakes drifted,  
The heart I saw it was,  
A strange noise sounded in my brain:  
I was a quiet maiden,  
I stole away—but came again  
With two sweet sounds hidden,  
I heard behind them; close they kissed  
While eye to eye was speaking,  
I loved my steel, and neither missed  
The heart I saw it was,  
There were two death strikes, mingled so  
It seemed like one voice crying,  
I laughed, it was such bliss, you know,  
To hear, and see them dying,  
I heard behind them; close they kissed  
Above the lovers' parting,  
I saw the little life of blood,  
And in the eyes fast gleaming,  
It was such joy to see the rose  
Fade from her cheek forever,  
To know the lips that kissed so close  
Could never meet—never,  
To see his arm grow stiff and cold,  
And know it could not laugh for hours,  
To know that while the world grew old,  
His eyes could not behold her.

A crowd of people thronged about,  
Brought thither by my laughter;  
I saw one last triumphant shout—  
And darkness followed after.  
I was a thousand years ago—  
Each hour I lived,  
For here, just out of reach, you know,  
She lies, with Earl, my lover,  
They lie there, starting, staring so,  
With great glad eyes, to laugh me,  
Will you bury them down now,  
Where they shall come to haunt me?  
He kissed her lips, not mine, The flowers  
And vines hung all around them,  
Sometime I sat and laugh for hours,  
To think just how I found them,  
And then sometimes I stand and shiver  
In agony of terror,  
Thinking the red worms in her cheek—  
Then laugh and laugh and laugh,  
My cheek was all too pale, he thought;  
He deemed her far the brightest;  
It is but my dagger touched a spot,  
That made her cheek turn white.

THE SEA OF FIRE;  
OR,  
ON THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

## CHAPTER V.

AT BAY.

With lightning-like swiftness, the fall  
horror of the situation burst on Aubrey  
De Laney's mind. Unarmed, burdened  
with a fainting girl, before him the fierce  
beast preparing to spring, and behind him  
Rosa Barleigh's Tappaya searching for their  
prey!

Between these alternatives what choice  
was left to him?  
An instant's hesitation would be fatal.  
He did not lose that instant, but seizing  
Inez in his arms, turned quickly, and  
rushed through the tangled screen that hid  
the den from view.

A stifled growl fell upon his ears. Was  
the jaguar following him? He dared not  
look back. He exerted his full strength;  
and a man never knows his full strength  
until he needs it in some time of over-  
whelming danger. The ground seemed to  
fly beneath his feet. He scarcely felt the  
weight of the senseless form in his arms.

But this desperate race of speed could  
not be kept up long. Aubrey's pace slack-  
ened. His breath came short—he panted.  
He was compelled to halt. At bay, he  
turned, resolving that if the jaguar were  
on his track to face the terrible animal,  
and, without weapons as he was, to defend  
Inez to the death.

Placing his hand to his ear, he bent  
forward in the direction from whence he  
had come, and listened. Measured steps, light  
and almost noiseless, were approaching;  
but they were not the steps of the jaguar.  
Aubrey knew that at once. They were the  
steps of the pursuing Indians.

Aubrey tried to bring all the faculties of  
his mind to bear upon the danger that  
threatened him. To attempt flight would be  
useless, wearied as he was. Duck was  
beginning to fall; but there was no hope  
of stealing away in the gloom, for the  
slightest movement on his part could not  
fail to be heard by the trained ears of the  
Tappayas.

Should he stand there idle, and see the  
Indians tear from him the girl who had  
been thrown on his protection? Never!  
He would have given worlds for the  
revolver he had thoughtlessly left in his room  
at home. Around him there was nothing  
that he could use as a means of defence.

The steps came nearer. A light flashing  
among the trees told him that the Tappaya  
was using a torch. Near him stood a tree  
—the top of which had either been struck  
by lightning or fallen under the accumu-  
lated weight of its parasites, for one bough  
alone remained, sticking out horizontally.  
From this bough, as from every other in a  
tropical forest, masses of vines and tough  
spongy figs hung. Using these as a ladder,  
Aubrey climbed upon the bough. It was  
hard work, as he had to support Inez in his  
arms, but at last it was accomplished.  
The limb was scarcely strong enough to  
bear them; it shook and bent beneath their  
weight.

Aubrey did not notice this. His whole  
attention was fixed on the approaching  
light. He could dimly see the dark figures  
of three Tappayas. They were steadily  
advancing on him.

Aubrey whispered Inez with his right  
hand, and with his left firmly grasped the  
creaking bough. Inez uttered a faint cry  
of fright, and endeavored to disengage  
herself from her protector.

"Who are you? Where am I?" she asked,  
as she became conscious of her strange  
position.

"Do not move, senhora, I implore,"  
whispered Aubrey, "your safety depends  
on silence."

His voice seemed to reassure her, for she  
ceased to struggle, and turned her bevil-  
dered gaze in the direction of the advanc-  
ing Tappayas. Perhaps their appearance  
recalled the cause of her swoon, for she  
covered her face with her hands, and shud-  
dered.

In a few moments the Tappayas were be-  
neath the tree. Aubrey held his breath,  
and leaned forward eagerly. Inez now  
seemed to understand the necessity for  
silence, for she spoke no word nor made  
the slightest movement.

Two of the Tappayas knelt down to ex-  
amine the trace of Aubrey's footsteps, while  
the other held the torch. If they  
should go on for some distance, there  
would be a chance of escape. Aubrey saw  
his own rifle in the hands of one of the  
Tappayas. The fellow had doubtless found  
it where its owner had been forced to drop  
it in his flight. Suspense seemed to arrest  
the beating of Aubrey's heart.

"He is hidden here somewhere," said  
one of the Indians, straightening himself  
up.

other, in a guttural voice. "He has been  
here, but he has retraced his steps."  
Juan shrugged his shoulders.

"I have eyes, Vincento."  
"They are blind, then," responded Vin-  
cento. "Where are the steps of the  
maiden?"

"She is light. She did not walk. They  
are hidden here."  
"Let us go on further," said the torch-  
bearer. "We may find the trail again.  
A man cannot walk into the trunk of a  
tree."

"But a man can climb."  
Aubrey prepared to grasp the throat of  
the first Indian who should attempt to  
ascend the tree.

"He has gone back on his trail, Juan.  
See!"

And Vincento pointed out one or two  
foot-marks, which Aubrey in his perplexity  
had unconsciously retraced.

"I am no fool, I have spoken," said  
Juan, indifferently.

"Then pass on," said the torch-bearer.  
"Let Juan search. He may find the hid-  
ing-place."

Juan was like a panther and lightly  
clad. Aubrey's rifle, swung by its strap  
across his back, was the only weighty ob-  
ject he carried. With two elastic bands,  
he seized hold of the bough on which Aubrey  
and Inez crouched. Inez now clung  
with both hands to the branch. In conse-  
quence of this, Aubrey's hands were  
free.

As soon as the Indian's head had reached  
above the level of the bough, Aubrey  
grasped him by the throat. The Indian  
made vigorous endeavors to maintain his  
foothold among the twisted sips; Aubrey  
with all his strength tried to force him  
down. The bough cracked with the vio-  
lence of the struggle.

The Indian uttered a wild yell. Aubrey  
tightened the grasp upon his throat. The  
bough cracked—wavered—broke. The  
combatants descended swiftly through the  
air, and struck the earth—the Indian being  
undermost.

Aubrey sprang to his feet. The contact  
with mother earth appeared to renew his  
vigil. Before the prostrate Juan could  
rise, Aubrey had torn the rifle from him.

When the bough broke Inez had uttered  
an involuntary cry; but as she had clung  
tightly to the sips that enwreathed the un-  
broken part of the branch nearest the trunk,  
she had hidden gradually to the ground,  
and her fall had been gentle. She now  
stood on the huge projecting root of the  
tree, frightened and shocked, but not in-  
jured.

Aubrey placed himself before her, and  
faced the Tappayas, who were raising their  
fallen comrade. Aubrey had perhaps never  
felt such a thrill of confident hope before  
in his life, as when he felt the weight of  
that rifle resting on his arm. The Indians  
were armed with machetes, but possessed  
no guns.

"Conrage, senhora," Aubrey said to the  
drooping figure behind him; and then to  
the Indians: "Now, what do you  
want?"

"The Senhora de Vastro," replied Juan,  
"who by this time had been restored to a  
perpendicular position."

"Your demand is exceedingly modest,"  
said Aubrey. "Is she a slave that she  
should be given up to you, Tappaya?"

"We are obeying our master, Senhor  
Barleigh," said Vincento.

"Well, go and tell him that I prevented  
you. Tell him, too, from me, that he is  
an assassin—a base scoundrel. Let him  
appear in Paris, and he shall receive the  
punishment of his crimes. Go! I will re-  
store this young lady to her father."

There was a pause. The Indians seemed  
astounded by this audacious speech, pro-  
ceeding, as it did, from a man who was in  
the minority of one to three.

"We must have the girl," said Juan.  
"Take her."

Aubrey spoke coolly, preparing to blow  
out the brains of the first Tappaya who  
should approach him.

The Indians simultaneously drew out  
their knives.

"Think a moment before you come  
nearer, Tappaya. Another inch, and one  
of you is a dead man!"

The Indians hesitated. Steps were heard  
among the underbrush. Aubrey strained  
his sense of hearing to listen. Was it help  
for him? When he had followed Laura  
Barleigh into the forest, and lost sight of  
her, he had returned home for his rifle,  
and sent Miguel, with three other servants,  
out to aid him in the pursuit. He hoped  
that the approaching footsteps might be  
these.

He was doomed to disappointment. Out  
of the gloom of the forest came Rosa Bar-  
leigh and her sister, attended by a Tappaya,  
carrying a torch. Barleigh was very pale;  
his head was bound with a blood-stained  
handkerchief. Aubrey's blow had not been  
without effect.

"De Laney, De Laney!" cried Bar-  
leigh, a sickly smile concoloring his white  
face. "Now my time has come!"

"To hear my name uttered by your base  
lips," cried Aubrey, "is the greatest ven-  
geance you can take upon me."

"He has been here, but he has retraced his steps."  
Juan shrugged his shoulders.

"I have eyes, Vincento."  
"They are blind, then," responded Vin-  
cento. "Where are the steps of the  
maiden?"

"She is light. She did not walk. They  
are hidden here."  
"Let us go on further," said the torch-  
bearer. "We may find the trail again.  
A man cannot walk into the trunk of a  
tree."

"But a man can climb."  
Aubrey prepared to grasp the throat of  
the first Indian who should attempt to  
ascend the tree.

"He has gone back on his trail, Juan.  
See!"

And Vincento pointed out one or two  
foot-marks, which Aubrey in his perplexity  
had unconsciously retraced.

"I am no fool, I have spoken," said  
Juan, indifferently.

"Then pass on," said the torch-bearer.  
"Let Juan search. He may find the hid-  
ing-place."

Juan was like a panther and lightly  
clad. Aubrey's rifle, swung by its strap  
across his back, was the only weighty ob-  
ject he carried. With two elastic bands,  
he seized hold of the bough on which Aubrey  
and Inez crouched. Inez now clung  
with both hands to the branch. In conse-  
quence of this, Aubrey's hands were  
free.

As soon as the Indian's head had reached  
above the level of the bough, Aubrey  
grasped him by the throat. The Indian  
made vigorous endeavors to maintain his  
foothold among the twisted sips; Aubrey  
with all his strength tried to force him  
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leigh, a sickly smile concoloring his white  
face. "Now my time has come!"

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lips," cried Aubrey, "is the greatest ven-  
geance you can take upon me."

trunk, and Aubrey had put it in his pocket,  
intending to give it to his father on the  
quay.

In his struggle with the Tappaya he had  
probably fallen upon it, for the lock was  
broken, and when he lifted it by the ring  
in the lid it opened, and revealed to Au-  
brey's astonished eyes a ruby exactly re-  
sembling his Sea of Fire.

He drew near the blaze. Yes, there was  
the De Laney crest—an eagle regardant—  
faintly traced on the underside. He could  
see that plainly even by the flickering light  
of the fire.

The marvellous stone glowed and gleamed  
like the eye of the fabled Cyclops. How  
had his father obtained it? he wondered.

Were there more than one Sea of Fire—  
two De Laney Rubies?

Excitement gave him false strength. He  
tried to rise, intending to follow Antonio  
and again attempt the rescue of Inez; but  
he fell back, unnerved and weak. All night  
he lay there, and waking or sleeping, he  
never ceased to dream or think of the red  
eye that seemed to watch him.

The next day he crawled slowly back to  
Para.

Aubrey De Laney was puzzled. Perhaps  
one of the rubies were false. If so, which?

## CHAPTER VII.

PUNISHED BY THE AVENGER.

For a time Inez de Vastro walked among  
her captors in a kind of stupor. Scarcely  
knowing or caring whether they were lead-  
ing her, she passively allowed herself to be  
lifted over the obstacles in her way. Again  
she saw in imagination the form of the un-  
known protector, who, at the risk, perhaps  
the cost of his own life, had defended her.

"Vincento," she was saying, "return to  
the cabin as quickly as possible. I sent  
some luggage thither yesterday. You'll  
find it in the recess. There are two por-  
tanteaux. Hasten with them down to the  
montaria."

"Immediately, senhora."  
And Vincento started on his errand at a  
quick, shuffling pace.

"Laura," cried Inez, standing still, and  
resisting the attempt of the Tappaya to  
drag her onward. "Laura, though you  
have betrayed me, though you have no  
mercy for me, yet, by the memory of our  
former love, grant me one request."

"If it be in my power, dear Inez," said  
Laura, coming to the prisoner's side, "it  
is granted at once."

"Send one of these men back to my pro-  
tector, with orders to convey him to a  
place of shelter," said Inez, imploringly.

"That would be useless, my dear  
young De Laney is dead and cold by this  
time. Our friend Juan always strikes  
house."

Juan uttered a complacent grunt.  
Inez turned into tears. "What can have  
changed you so, Laura? How can you be  
so cruel? How could you have the heart  
to give me up to that wicked monster?  
How could you?"

"Don't be impulsive, my love. That  
wicked monster happens to be my brother."  
"Your brother?" Inez raised her head in  
surprise. "I did not know you had a  
brother."

"I did not tell you everything, you see,"  
Laura Barleigh laughed—a merciless, cruel  
laugh. "Allow me to present him. Mr.  
Rosa Barleigh, Senhora de Vastro."

Rosa Barleigh bowed gracefully. "I  
have often seen, and admired the senhora  
at a distance."

Inez turned away from him, sobbing.  
"Leave me, senhora," she said, with a ges-  
ture of her small right hand that was  
worthy of a queen regnant. "You have  
ruthlessly torn me from my poor father,  
and now you mock me. Oh, if I were a  
man!" she continued, turning and facing  
him with blazing eyes. "If I were a man  
—if these hands were strong enough—I'd  
strangle you as you stand there, wretch!"

"A veritable fury!" said Barleigh, ad-  
miringly.

"An Amazonian Niobe," commented the  
late governor. "You'd better take warn-  
ing in time. Your wife in future has a  
temper."

"I have been accustomed to you, sen-  
hora," retorted her brother, "and in compari-  
son with that, this little witch's anger is sun-  
shine to storm."

Exhausted by the violence of her indig-  
nation, Inez was silent awhile. "Laura,"  
she said at last, "I cannot believe that  
you have betrayed me. This is a trick—a  
harmless joke to frighten me. Is it not,  
Laura?"

The wistful appeal in Inez's voice and  
eyes would have moved any heart but  
Laura Barleigh's.

"No. This is real earnest. Did you  
ever know me to joke, Inez de Vastro?"  
The calm, cruel tone in which this an-  
swer was made told Inez that there was no  
hope from that quarter.

"Laura Barleigh," she said, with re-  
verent awe, "I have been foolish—I have been  
blind, for I have trusted you. You have  
done this vile thing that you might be re-  
venged on my dear father, who never did  
you any harm."

"You are wrong there, chère amie. I  
don't care for revenge. It's not in my  
line. I prefer the concrete to the ab-  
stract," Laura Barleigh answered, coolly dis-  
engaging her dress from an intrusive thorn.

about to dash his torch against the one  
held by his comrade when Rosa Barleigh,  
who had been watching his every motion,  
darted forward and wrung the torch from  
his grasp.

"Traitor!" he hissed. "The Chief de  
Police has paid you for one act of treach-  
ery, I will pay you for another."

Rosa Barleigh's machete glittered in the  
light and was instantly buried in Calisto's  
body. He uttered no cry. The weapon  
had pierced his heart, and he fell heavily  
at the feet of the horror-stricken Inez.

She shrieked wildly.

"Move on!" Barleigh ordered, and the  
Indians obeyed him, apparently unmoved  
by the death of their companion.

In a short time they reached the river-  
bank. A montaria—a large canoe—manned  
by four Indians, was awaiting them. Vin-  
cento had reached it before them with the  
luggage.

Laura and Inez were placed near the  
stern. Barleigh prepared to steer, and the  
Indians took the paddles. A black object  
in motion was visible just off the city. A  
light glittered here and there above the  
water-line.

Laura Barleigh looked toward it for  
some time without speaking.

"That is the Gloria, Rosa."  
"Impossible," he answered. "She has  
started before this."

"It is the Gloria," she persisted. "Why  
waste time in waiting for another steamer?  
Let us make for this one."

"A good idea. Men," he said to the In-  
dians, "I want to reach yonder steamer.  
She has only begun to move, and is going  
slowly. All ready?"

The Indians were silent. The paddles  
remained motionless. Juan had been  
speaking to the men in a low tone.

"What do you mean, Tappaya?" Bar-  
leigh cried, in angry surprise. "Are you  
deaf? Make for the steamer, I say!"

The Indians silently applied themselves  
to the paddles, and the montaria glided out  
into the middle of the stream. The moon  
had lately risen. The few clouds in the  
sky seemed to swim in the silver light  
which fell upon the thousand ripples of  
the river, filling the scene with that serene  
beauty which is the accompaniment of  
moonlight. Inez gazed back at the dark  
line of the forest with a great weight of  
despair on her heart. A few hours pre-  
viously she had been a joyous, careless  
girl, absorbed in the one idea of comfort-  
ing the friend whom, in her impetuous  
generosity, she believed to have been un-  
justly treated. But now she felt the arms  
of that treacherous friend clasping her  
tightly and saw the shores of her home  
receding farther and farther.

"My father was right," she thought, bit-  
terly, "would that I had listened to his  
words!"

Inez felt that regret was useless now.  
She buried her face in her hands, and  
could scarcely restrain herself from shriek-  
ing aloud as terrible conjectures and fore-  
boding thoughts of the future arose before  
her mind.

Rosa Barleigh stood at the helm with a  
clouded brow, for mingled with the  
measured sound of the paddles, a low, sullen  
murmur among the Indians was audible.  
Barleigh could guess the subject of their  
conversation from the name Calisto re-  
peated at intervals.

Suddenly the Tappaya with one accord  
ceased to paddle.

"Master," said Juan, rising, "why have  
you killed our comrade Calisto?"

"Continue your work," answered Bar-  
leigh, his face darkening with rage. "Go  
on!"

"Not until you answer our question.  
Why have you killed Calisto?"

Juan and Barleigh eyed each other for  
an instant. The Tappaya's deep-set eyes  
did not blink before the tiger-like look of  
his master.

"Three of us saw Calisto murdered.  
Why?"

"You have no right to question me,  
Tappaya. I am your captain, your master.  
You have sworn to obey me."

Although the Indians had ceased to  
paddle, the montaria was rapidly drifting  
with the tide toward the Gloria. The mo-  
tion of the steamer was at present very  
slow, almost imperceptible.

"Very well, senhor," said Juan, coolly.  
"We will turn back, comrades."

"Stay!" cried Barleigh, as the paddles  
of the Indians began to alter the course of  
the canoe. "Stay! I will answer you. Cal-  
isto was unfaithful."

Juan uttered a grunt, expressive of un-  
belief.

strokes were long and even. Evidently, he  
was an expert swimmer. He gained on Bar-  
leigh, who, encumbered as he was, could  
make but slow progress. The party in the  
montaria watched the chase with breath-  
less interest. Laura Barleigh tried in  
vain to distinguish the features of the per-  
son.

"Who can it be? Is it an Indian,  
Juan?" she asked.

Juan looked long and silently at the  
swimmer.

"It is a Tappaya, Antonio the Avenger."  
Laura drew a breath of relief, and yet  
she was sorry that Rosa had not killed  
him.

"He cannot overtake my brother, then.  
I have heard that Antonio is a weak old  
man."

Juan seldom showed any sign of emo-  
tion; but he chuckled at this assertion.

"He is not young. His strength is as  
iron and steel. He swims like a fish."

The space between him and Barleigh was  
rapidly decreasing.

Affection for her brother was not one of  
Laura Barleigh's characteristics; but she  
was not altogether deficient in that feel-  
ing. Probably under no circumstances  
would she have risked her life for him,  
yet she was willing to do all in her power  
to help him in his present necessity. How  
fearful his extremity was, she had already  
conjectured, for she was aware that her  
brother had wronged Antonio, and that the  
Indian had chosen this fitting opportunity  
for his vengeance.

"Antonio holds a machete between his  
teeth. He will kill the captain," said Vin-  
cento.

"Juan," said Laura, "you will save  
him?"

"He is a traitor to our band."  
"That is untrue. I can prove to you  
that he was ignorant the police had found  
you out until this afternoon."

Juan shrugged his shoulders incred-  
ulously.

"It was I who told him. I discovered  
the full particulars of Calisto's treachery  
yesterday in Para."

"Why did he not warn us to-night?"  
broke in Vincento. "Why did he try to  
steal without telling us?"

She knew that her brother would not  
have spoken at all of their betrayal to the  
police, had he not in his vengeful passion  
killed Calisto and been obliged to urge a  
stronger excuse than merely the attempted  
rescue of Inez, for the murder. He would  
not be displeased, if now that the game  
was up, all these











## JANIE.

(THE BOY VOLUNTEER OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.)

Two whiffs, star-like eyes,  
A baby's smile and chin,  
Mouth of shining, wavy hair,  
Fronting the small face in  
Night after night, in the grand daylight,  
He drew his magical bow,  
And the crowd before him, wild with delight,  
He fairly trembled with fright.

Dear little dimpled hands,  
Just right for mamma's fond kiss,  
To and fro they glancing  
And never miss;  
And costly flowers, in fragrant showers  
Are rubbed at his tiny feet;  
And he draws the bow he has held for hours  
With a gesture sweet;  
And gather them up with childish glee,  
And bows his thanks to the company,  
While they cheer repeat.

From whence his marvelous skill?  
No one could tell him a word  
Who will be a hero if we should tell  
A story, dreamed or heard?  
When his baby-sister came  
Adown the ladder of stars,  
The angel was seen in shining gale,  
And his eyes were filled with the swelling strain,  
Till his white face touched the earth,  
And the very first sound that awoke in his brain,  
From the hour of his birth,  
Was the voice from Eden's plain:

And the angel said it will never do,  
We must call him back again,  
But their will and word could not break through  
To the home and hearts of men.  
No night after night, in the grand daylight,  
He swept the quivering strings,  
And no one heard at the music's height,  
The stir of wings!

And no one thought as the last strain fell,  
Dying away like a sad farewell,  
It was Janie's closing note.

Asleep on his pillow he lay,  
In the loving arm of home,  
When, lo! his arms in a pleading way,  
He cried aloud for room!  
He talks in his sleep, the father said,  
And listened for every word—  
"Make room for a little fellow!"  
"Alas!" and the angel heard,  
And the little hands were folded  
Over the quiet breast;  
And the church face bath taken its place,  
Where the Court of Heaven are hidden,  
And the harp is played at the King's banquet.

## Legends of the Revolution.

BY ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

The hour hand on the great Dial of the Universe is swiftly approaching the close of the first century of our national existence.

Soon we shall hear the heavy peal of the clock of Destiny announcing that the Day and the Hour have come. And then, shall we not also hear a response from a thousand trumpets, and from ten thousands of cannon? For it will be the Hundredth Birthday of a Nation of Freemen!

Sound then, ye Trumpets! Peal out, oh ye Cannon! And let the voice of thanksgiving and praise, and the silver tones of the church bells, and the solemn ocean music of the organ also ascend to God on high!

And in these few intervening hours of waiting, what can be more fitting for us than to recall some of the stirring and pathetic memories of that great Revolutionary struggle, which gave our Nation a right to freedom, and a right to the ancient forests of superstition and tyranny; a Tree which finally shall overshadow the whole earth!

Such incidents and legends will enable us better to appreciate the severity of the seven years' struggle through which our Fathers toiled and suffered and conquered; and in recalling these scenes, where could we begin with greater propriety than with the following well-authenticated legend of the ESCAPE OF WASHINGTON.

It was during that gloomy period of the war when the American army held West Point as the palladium of its hope, that a gentleman mounted on a large and powerful horse might have been seen traversing one of the winding roads in the vicinity of the fortress.

It was past the hour of noon when he entered the yard in front of a handsome stone mansion, and entering up to the porch prepared to dismount.

He had scarcely reached the ground, when the owner of the mansion rushed from the door and received him with the warmest demonstrations of admiration and respect.

"You are early, my dear general," said he, "but I am thankful for it, for I shall have the more of your instructive and pleasant society."

"Yes," replied his visitor, who had the courtly manners of a gentleman of the old school, "I found that I could as easily reach here by one as by three o'clock, and so I will simply give me to-day a soldier's dinner, which your skillful Minerva can dish up in an hour, I will reserve the more elaborate entertainment which you promised me."

A shade of disappointment passed over his host's features. "I am very sorry, indeed, for I told Nerry to do my best and prettiest. But she will not be able to give us much of a feast at so short a notice."

"It cannot be helped, for I must be back to West Point by three o'clock, and you must remember, moreover, Mr. Bullion, that I am a soldier, and used to soldier's fare. Besides, it hardly becomes me to be feasting when so many of our poor veterans are almost starving."

"No, of course not. And yet nothing, in my opinion, is too good for you, general. Without you, we should all go at once to ruin."

"Thank you for your good opinion," replied his visitor, "but I have been brought up in too religious a school, to believe that a good cause depends upon the life of any man. What the Eternal Father wills to triumph, will triumph in spite of men or devils, if we all do our duty."

While this conversation was in progress, the horse had been hitched to a post, and the two gentlemen had entered the parlor of the mansion. The host then left the room to order dinner.

After his return the two sat conversing upon various matters until word came that dinner was ready. The visitor, whom doubtless our readers have already surmised to be Washington, appeared to be in a very composed and affable mood, though somewhat more inclined to laze than to the cold dignity of which so much has been unduly said, than was usual with him on such informal and friendly occasions. The manner of his host, however, seemed unconsciously constrained and embarrassed. He asked questions, then jumped up and went to the window without waiting for an answer, and manifested throughout that something had occurred to make him excited and nervous.

When they entered the dining-room and took their seats alone at the table—all Mr. Bullion's family being absent, as he ascertained on a visit to Washington, for the first time, gave a slight start.

"Is it not very early for green peas, my friend?" he said, in a somewhat severe tone.

"Yes—I believe it is," stammered his host, "but, and he recovered himself with strong effort, "I had heard that your Excellency was particularly fond of

them, and had them prepared down the river."

"They are very nice when good; but sometimes when brought from a distance, say as far as New York—this latter was said with a slight emphasis—"they lose their freshness. Why even those have a peculiar look about them—as if they were not quite wholesome." And Washington bent a penetrating look upon the face of his host, which was now as white as the table-cloth.

"I think—your—Excellency—will—find them—very fresh—indeed," gasped out his entertainer.

"It may be, but in order to keep my brain in good condition, I have to be very careful of what I eat," replied Washington. "Here, Carlo, do you like green peas?" and he called to a little dog that was playing about the room.

The dog speedily dispatched two or three spoonfuls of the peas, which Washington put a plate for him. Then he lay down, gave a short, sharp bark, and rolled over on his side, either dead or in a stupor.

"I do not think those peas are suitable to be put before a guest," said Washington, sternly. "Mr. Bullion, you are a traitor—and would be also a murderer!"

"Forgive me!" cried the detected Tory, sinking on his knees, as Washington rose, and put his hand on his sword.

"Justice is for traitors and murderers, not for innocents. Prepare at once to accompany me to headquarters."

"No—leave this room!" continued Washington, seizing him by the collar, as his false host was about passing to the door.

"I wish—to—get—my—hat—and—a—few—clothes—"

"Order them, then, to be brought to me. I shall not trust you out of my sight until we reach the Fort. And beware—if you attempt to escape, I will kill you on the spot. But you shall have a fair trial—I will not condemn you; the laws of your country shall judge you."

The Tory glanced anxiously out of the window. Suddenly his eyes lighted up—his whole demeanor altered. He laughed aloud.

"Would not your Excellency as leave go to New York with me, as have me go to West Point with you?" cried he, jocosely.

"You will find this too serious a matter for joking about, sir."

"You think so, my dear general, do you? Well, now, it seems to me one of the very best jokes in the world—look there!" and he pointed through the window to the lawn before the mansion.

Washington looked, and beheld the red coats of a party of British dragoons, who had just dismounted, and were preparing to surround the house.

"You are my prisoner, general," exclaimed Mr. Bullion triumphantly; "and the war is over!"

Washington smiled calmly. He did not seem at all discomfited, neither did he make any effort to escape.

At this moment the Captain and Lieutenant of the Dragoons entered the room.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen," cried the Tory. "You are early, but as things have turned out, not a moment too soon. There is your man—pointing to Washington—"and all our fortunes are made."

"Arrest that double-dyed traitor!" thundered Washington; "and take him to headquarters."

"Why—why—what—do you mean?" cried the Tory, his face blanching again, as the Captain of Dragoons laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

"It means that you cannot always tell a bird by the color of his feathers," replied the officer; "and then the unwitting Tory saw that his so-called British friends were really Americans, disguised in British uniforms.

"Look at that dead dog," said Washington to the officers. "He died from eating the food prepared for me."

The captain pulled a pistol from his pocket, and put the muzzle to the Tory's forehead. "I will just blow out his brains on the spot, General; it will be all the same to him in the end, and will save us a great deal of trouble."

But the Tory sprang from him, and flung himself on his knees at the feet of the chief whom he would, Judas-like, have betrayed with the kiss of a friend, crying, "Mercy! mercy! mercy!"

"The cowardly wretch!" hissed the captain, striding after him with his pistol, "he has not even the courage to stand up and be shot decently, like a man."

"Oley your orders—take him to the fort," repeated his commander.

"Of course, if your Excellency says so—but old Patman's way was to hang such fellows first, and try them afterward."

And so our first famous scheme was foiled. Information of Mr. Bullion's treachery had been conveyed to Washington by a trusty agent in New York of the name of Francis. This Francis, who was an ardent Whig, was betrothed to a young lady who was a daughter in a family where several of the principal Tory leaders boarded; and she overheard this treacherous scheme as she had heard many others.

Of course the British officers were not let into the stoppage or poisoning portion of the plot, whichever it was for they would not have tolerated it for a moment. But the hatred of some of the Tory leaders toward the Whig cause and its great chiefs, almost amounted to a monomania, and they insisted at nothing to gratify their malice.

When the genuine British dragoons arrived at the Bullion mansion, punctually to the hour of three, they found that their host and his visitor had already departed, and in a different direction to that in which they intended to escort them.

As to the wretch who so well deserved the halter, tradition says that he was not hung, but released, after a considerable period of imprisonment, at the earnest entreaties of a young and beautiful daughter. As his act was merely planned and premeditated, but not accomplished, probably it was thought that the severest penalty of the law could not justly be inflicted. And, while Washington was indefatigable in everything where the good of the country was imperilled, he was, like all truly great and noble souls, rather disposed, where merely his own personal wrongs were concerned, to err on the side of Mercy than of Justice.

## A Big Ranch.

"The Greatest Herdsman in the World," is the title claimed for Samuel W. Allen, of Texas, who owns 225,000 cattle. He has one ranch, 80 miles long and 40 wide, between the Nevada and Colorado rivers, the largest on the continent, which pastures 120,000. Two other accommodations respectively 70,000 and 25,000. These cattle all graze on the native grasses of a part of Texas. His herds require the attention of at least 400 herdsmen and branders and the use of 3,000 horses. He brands 60,000 calves every year to keep up the supply. The value of his stock, exclusive of the land, exceeds five millions and a half. He is the chief stock raiser for New Orleans and the neighboring counties of the Gulf coast.



HIS FATHER'S OWN CHILD.

CHARLIE.—"I say, ma, pay me that shilling you promised me!"  
MAMA.—"Wait till I've finished my shopping."  
CHARLIE.—"Ah, but you won't have any money at all left then!"

## Origin of Familiar Names.

The following is a list of women's names, alphabetically arranged, showing the languages from which the names are derived, giving a condensed definition of their meaning, and occasionally a brief historical reminiscence. The chief authority for these derivations and definitions is Miss C. M. Yonge's interesting history of Christian names.

ADAM.—Hebrew and English; means literally "father of joy" or, as a woman's name, "joyfulness." The name occurs in English registers as early as 1576, and was a favorite until Abigail Masham, one of Queen Anne's maids, by her intriguing disposition, brought upon the name an unmerited reproach.

ADA.—Tentonic and English; means "happy."

ADAM.—Tentonic, German, English and French; means "noble cheer." Every name in which the syllable "Adee" appears mean something noble.

ADAM.—Greek, Hungarian and English; means "good." The use of the word as an European name was owing to a Sicilian officer called Agatha, who, in the Sicilian persecution, was tortured to death at Rome. She was made a Saint, and her festival day is observed by both the Eastern and Western churches.

ADAM.—Greek, Danish and English; means "pure." Saint Agnes, a Roman maiden, suffered martyrdom.

ADAM.—German and Irish; the same as Ellen, Helen, etc.; means "light." See Adelaide.

ADAM.—Tentonic and English; means "beloved." From the Latin "Amo," to love.

ADAM.—Tentonic, Portuguese and English; means "work."

ADAM.—Latin and English; means "beloved." See Anna and Anne.

ADAM.—Hebrew and English; means "grace." See Anna and Anne.

ADAM.—Tentonic and English; means "eagle heroine." The derivation is not certain, but it is supposed to have come from the Norman word "arn," meaning eagle.

ADAM.—Latin, German and English; means "venerable." At Rome the Augustus was always the reigning Emperor, the Augusta, after Diocletian, was his wife.

ADAM.—Greek, Russian, Italian and German; means "stranger." The true old English form is Barbary. Barbara is the feminine of the term applied by the Greeks to all who did not speak their own tongue—hence the meaning "stranger."

ADAM.—Latin, German and English; means "blessed."

ADAM.—Tentonic, German and English; means "bright."

ADAM.—Hebrew and Scotch. See Elizabeth.

ADAM.—Celtic and Irish. See Bridget.

ADAM.—Tentonic and French; means "white." The absence of color is in all tongues of Western Europe denoted by forms of "blee." Certain forms of the name as Bianca, Flance, etc., are hence found in most of the European countries.

ADAM.—Celtic and English; means "strength." Bright was always a favorite female name in Ireland, owing to a tradition which held that the head of five hundred nuns. She was one of the patron saints of Ireland and was regarded with great devotion both there and in Scotland. Sweden has a Brigitta of somewhat similar history.

ADAM.—Tentonic, German, French and English; means "man." Caroline and Charlotte are both derived from Karl, originally used to denote man in his manhood.

ADAM.—Greek and English; means "pure." No name is more universal in all countries and none has more varied contractions, the more common English, Scotch and Irish being Kate, Kitty, Katie and Kathleen.

ADAM.—Greek and English; means "love." Charity, contracted into "Cherry," became a common English name after the Reformation.

ADAM.—See Caroline.

ADAM.—Latin, Spanish and English; means "famous." The feminine name is derived from Italy, where the first "Clara," as she was there called, established the order of women following the rule of St. Francis, called Poor Clares, or Sisters of St. Clara.

ADAM.—Hebrew and English; means "be." See Delia.

ADAM.—Greek and English; means "of Delos." Sometimes used as a name and sometimes as a contraction of "Cordelia," meaning "jewel of the sea."

ADAM.—Hebrew and English; means "judgment." See Dolley.

ADAM.—Greek and English; means "gift of God." It has taken the place with Dora, of the original of both names, viz.: Dorothea or Dorothy, once a common English name.

ADAM.—See Dolley.

ADAM.—Tentonic and English; means "rich gift." See Edith.

EDITH.—Greek and Scotch; means "fair speech." It is a contraction of Euphemia.

EDITH.—See Ellen and Helen.

EDITH.—See Helen.

EDITH.—See Elizabeth.

EDITH.—Hebrew and English; means "God's oath." Aaron's wife was Elizabeth, meaning "God hath sworn." The name occurs in many forms in the Gospel, and has an almost endless number of derivatives at the present day. Isabel is a form of the name which is translated to mean "Isabel's rule." Some of the commoner forms of the name are Eliza, Beaulieu, Betty, Lizzy, Libby, Lisa, Elise, Isabella, Isabel and Belle. Scotland and Spain are the countries of Isabel; England and Germany of Elizabeth.

EDITH.—Tentonic and English; means "elf friend." See Ellen.

EDITH.—Latin and English; means "famous holiness," and is derived from the male, Louis.

EDITH.—Latin and English; means "light." The feminine of Lucius, Lucia, belonged to a virgin martyr of Syracuse, whose name of "light" was represented by the early painters by a lamp or by an eye, which led to the legend that her beautiful eye had been put out.

EDITH.—Greek and English; means "of Lydia." From the city of Lydia was named the seller of purple who hearkened to St. Paul at Thyatira, and to her is owing the prevalence of Lydia among women denoting in Scriptural names.

EDITH.—Latin and English; means "beloved." The name of St. Amalie passed into the feminine Amalie, whose name on English lips became Amalia, and was thence changed to Mabel, although a few old English families still maintain the original English form.

EDITH.—Hebrew and English; means "of Magdala." It is derived from Mary of Magdala, and the original, Magdalene, has been extremely popular in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, France and Poland.

EDITH.—Greek and English; means "pearl." The Greek original was taken from the Persian name of the jewel, "Mervarid," taken from the oyster. It was said to be a drop of dew which was congealed by the moonbeams when the oyster opened its mouth in adoration. It has been extremely popular in the names of Margaret, Margerita, Margery, Maggie, Meggie, Madge, Peggy, May, Gretchen and Reta.

[This list will be continued in our next number.]

## In Haste to Grow Rich.

I see put up over business men's doors sometimes: "A penny saved is a penny earned." "Time is money," and a great many other whetstone maxims to make men sharp for this world. I have thought it might be well to put up some other things in business establishments for the benefit of the young men connected with them; and it would not hurt the principals to look at them. I would put up the picture of a gallow, of a poor-house, of a penitentiary, of the yard with its striped inmates, and of reeling drunkards; and above these I would have this motto: "The paradise of smart young men!" For cause produces effect; and they are constantly doing the things which lead to such a paradise. And when they have come to it they are in dismay, and they say: "How did this befall me?" It is as if a man should fall into the water and then say: "Astonishing that I am wet!" Then it is not astonishing if he were not? It is as if a man should put his hand in the fire and say: "Why, it burns!" Did he ever do anything else? Young men set out to achieve success in forbidden ways, and they have only succeeded in cheating themselves; and they are amazed. They meant to have riches without earning them, and the result is that they are poverty stricken through and through. They meant to take advantage of everybody's trust for their own benefit. By and by everybody loses confidence in them; and when they are maligned and blasted, and nobody will trust them, they think the world is hard and inhospitable.—Becher.

## Beauty of the Atlantic Waves.

Nothing can be more superb than the green of the Atlantic waves when the circumstances are favorable to the exhibition of the color. As long as a wave remains unbroken no color appears; but when the foam just doubles over the crest, like an Alpine snow-cornice, under the cornice we often see a display of the most exquisite green. It is metallic in its brilliancy. But the foam is first illuminated, and it scatters the light in all directions; the light which passes through the higher portion of the wave alone reaches the eye, and gives to that portion its matchless color. The folding of the wave, producing, as it does, a series of longitudinal protuberances and furrows, which act like cylindrical lenses, introduces variations in the intensity of the light and materially enhances its beauty.

## Answers to Correspondents.

PAY FOR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid, in these cases the Department has enforced payment of the postage, and we will not be obliged to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letters containing information relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether or not your manuscript has been received, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscripts.

R. M. M. (Tipton, Iowa) asks: "1st. Where could I obtain a magnet of considerable attraction, and what would be the probable cost? 2d. What will destroy the attractive powers of a magnet upon a piece of steel by placing it between the two?" 3d. Magnets may be obtained usually where capital instruments are kept for sale. The price ranges from \$1 to \$10 or more. You could get one of moderate power for \$2. 4d. At the present time, a plan placed between the two would have the effect of referring to.

ATTRACTION.—What was the population of the world according to the last census? The census of the world has never been taken, and is not likely to be yet. Estimates place the population of the earth at something over 1,000 millions.

LETTER H. (Sweet Water, N. C.) wishes to know: "1st. Who was the inventor of gas? 2d. Who was Lucia Borgia? and tell me something about her? 3d. What do you think of my handwriting, and what is the worst fault in it? 4th. Do you know anything about the picture which give to subscribers a genuine chance to win? Which one of the western cities is the most thriving? 5th. Present spending in England, and how much of it is in the hands of the people? 6th. What was the first gas lamp? 7th. What was the first gas lamp? 8th. What was the first gas lamp? 9th. What was the first gas lamp? 10th. What was the first gas lamp? 11th. What was the first gas lamp? 12th. What was the first gas lamp? 13th. What was the first gas lamp? 14th. What was the first gas lamp? 15th. What was the first gas lamp? 16th. What was the first gas lamp? 17th. What was the first gas lamp? 18th. What was the first gas lamp? 19th. What was the first gas lamp? 20th. What was the first gas lamp? 21st. 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